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# SOUTHERN BIVOUAC



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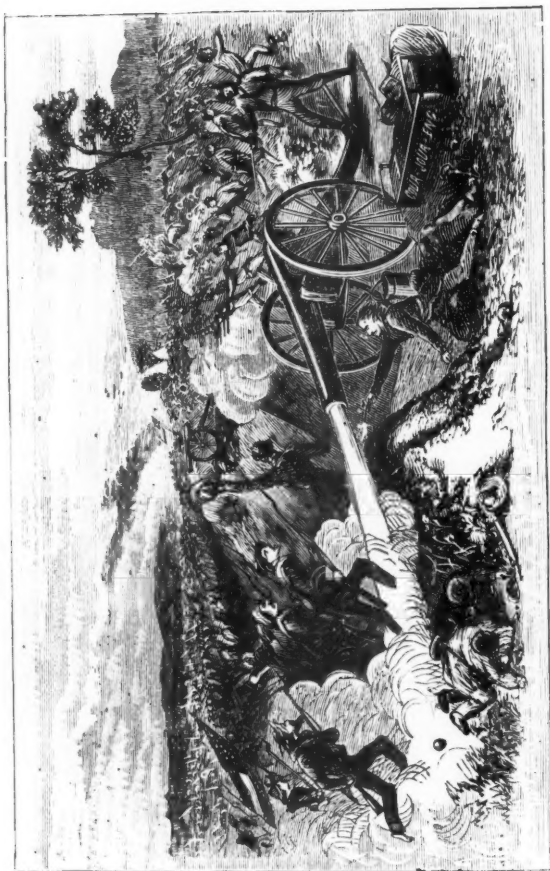
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WHEAT'S LAST CHARGE AT THE BATTLE OF GAINES' MILL.

# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

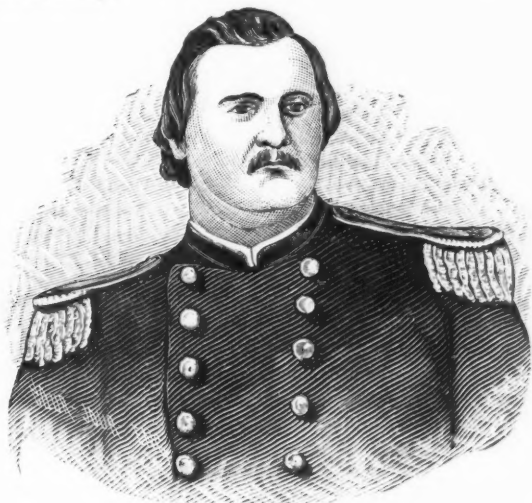
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## SKETCH OF MAJOR CHATHAM ROBERDEAN WHEAT.

The following sketch of Major C. R. Wheat is furnished by one of his relatives. It is too brief to give anything but the outlines of a career as full of adventure as any perhaps recorded in the chronicles of chivalry. Indeed, the romantic courage and knightly bearing of Major Wheat, under every vicissitude of fortune, recalls the days of Bayard, when even bravery was without merit when unadorned with Christian courtesy:



MAJOR CHATHAM ROBERDEAN WHEAT.

If ever man was born a soldier it is the subject of this sketch, whose life was one of the most eventful—having engaged in battles in the two hemispheres, under commanders world-renowned, and himself fought under six different flags. He was born in Alexandria, Virginia, on the 9th of April, 1826, his father being an Episcopal

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clergyman, and of an old Maryland family, his mother a granddaughter of General Roberdean, a Huguenot, and the first general of the Pennsylvania troops in the Revolutionary war, who built a fort at his own expense, and advanced the outfit for our Commissioners to the Court of France. He was graduated A. B. at the University of Nashville, Tennessee, in 1845. Shortly afterward, he commenced the study of the law at Memphis, Tennessee; and while thus engaged, the war with Mexico breaking out, he was the first to register his name as a volunteer. His father, then rector of Christ Church, Nashville, had written to advise him to wait awhile, and promised he might go if there should be another call for volunteers. Before he could get his father's letter (the mail by stage being four days between the two cities), one was received from him to this effect:

"*Dear Pa*—'A chip of the old block.' I knew you would be ashamed of me if I did not volunteer as soon as the call came. My name, I am proud to say, is the very first on the list. I have been unanimously elected second lieutenant in a company of cavalry. Please send 'Jim' by some careful hand."

"Jim" was a fine, blooded horse, whose dog-like training and wonderful sagacity made him a chief actor in many scenes both tragic and comic, and a universal favorite in his master's regiment. Upon the expiration of the twelve months for which the regiment had been enlisted, it was disbanded in May, 1847, at Vera Cruz, most of the men returning home. Lieutenant Wheat at once raised a company of one hundred men, of which he was chosen captain. The night before he left Vera Cruz he was seized with *vomito*, an almost fatal form of yellow fever, and was carried by his devoted men in a hammock swung between two mules, as the only hope, to the healthful climate of Jalapa, where he arrived in an insensible condition. As soon as he was able, he reported to General Scott, and was detailed for special service as captain commanding his body-guard. His men being well mounted, handsomely uniformed, equipped, and perfect in drill, "did the ornamental," as he laughingly said.

Captain Wheat was several times honorably mentioned in General Scott's official reports "for important services and gallantry in the field." One instance deserves mention. At the battle of Resaca de la Palma his company had captured a number of prisoners, among whom was an elderly officer. To him Captain Wheat gave all the comforts his tent afforded, telling his orderly to bring coffee and to spread his folded cot for the prisoner. Not speaking our language and unable to understand the generous act of his captor, the officer

yielded reluctantly, almost fearing danger in such courtesy. For days he was thus treated, then released upon his parole, and his sword returned to him; and it was then that Captain Wheat learned that his prisoner was General La Vega, one of the most distinguished in the Mexican army.

Asking an interpreter to be called, General La Vega handed Captain Wheat his sword, saying, "Take this in return for your kindness. You have treated me as a son, more than your prisoner." General Scott then spoke, "Sir, this is a rare compliment for one so young and a soldier to receive. I am glad to be the medium of General La Vega to you." Captain Wheat, declining the sword for an act of mere civility, said, "It was the gray hairs on the general's head I honored, for I knew not the high rank of my prisoner. I was ever taught to honor old age." The general insisted upon his keeping the sword and he finally did so, and it is now in the possession of his sister, Mrs. F. E. Shober. It is a curious old Moorish cimeter, which may have been carried into Mexico by Cortez. Captain Wheat's command suffered severely in killed and wounded. He was sent home soon after the taking of the city of Mexico to fill up his ranks with new recruits. These he soon obtained at Nashville, where a flag was presented to his company by the young ladies of Christ Church school, on which occasion the color-bearer had on a complete suit of armor—helmet, breastplate, etc., of polished brass—taken from one of Santa Anna's body-guard. Returning to Mexico, Captain Wheat was stationed in Jalapa until the close of the war. Peace being declared, he settled in New Orleans, resuming the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1847, at the age of twenty-two, and soon acquired considerable distinction as a criminal lawyer.

In 1848, he was elected one of the representatives of the city of New Orleans in the State Legislature. He also canvassed the State for the Whig candidates in the Presidential election, and had no little success as a stump speaker.

And now we come to the period when he entered upon a new military career, and one that has been much misunderstood.

He was induced to join General Lopez's first Cuban expedition, not only from an impulse of philanthropy, but from a patriotic purpose, wishing to maintain the equilibrium of the States by strengthening the South. The public authorities did not interfere, and the expedition sailed from New Orleans with the sympathy and good wishes of the entire community. So far was the expedition from

being regarded as Quixotic, it was expected to be completely and at once successful.

The Cubans were represented as only waiting the landing of an organized force, with a supply of arms and ammunition, to rush into the ranks and fill up its skeleton regiments with patriots panting for freedom. It was from General Lopez that he got the full information which won him to the cause of Cuban independence. All their subsequent intercourse did but deepen his first favorable impression of Lopez as a pure patriot, an accomplished soldier, and a truly Christian gentleman. In planning this first expedition, especial care was taken not to compromise the neutrality of our own government. The place of rendezvous was mid-ocean beyond the limits of the United States. Here they were joined by Lopez, and a night attack made on Cardenas, which failed for want of support. Major Wheat was severely wounded, and on their return to the steamer, they narrowly escaped capture by the Spanish man-of-war Pizarro. Major Wheat was prevented from accompanying General Lopez in his second expedition, very much to his chagrin at the time, though, as the event showed, most mercifully for himself; for his strong attachment to Lopez would have made him cling to his friend, and share his fate with the gallant Crittenden. It was a generous sympathy with the oppressed everywhere, and not a mere restless spirit of adventure, which next led Major Wheat to join Carravajal in his efforts to put down the Church party in Mexico.

Again, when Walker, who had been his classmate at college, was in imminent peril of his life, after his defeat at Rivas, faithful to his friend, he hastened to his relief. It was in Nicaragua that he met with the most wonderful of his numerous escapes from death. By the explosion of the boiler of a steamboat he was blown from the hurricane deck into the river, but so entirely without injury that he swam to the shore with ease, taking a wounded man with him. Having accomplished his mission in aid of General Walker, Major Wheat returned home. But soon after hearing that Alvarez had pronounced against Santa Anna and the Church party in Mexico, he accepted a commission in the patriot army and was made general of the artillery brigade. When, however, by reason of age and its infirmities, Alvarez resigned the presidency and retired to his hacienda, at his earnest solicitation, Major Wheat went with him. The old hero would fain have persuaded him to remain there for the rest of his life as his adopted son. But being now in the flush of manhood, he could not be content with a life of inglorious ease, and as



the world was just then beginning to resound with the name and exploits of Garibaldi, General Wheat determined to gratify a long-cherished wish to visit Europe. Having landed in England he joined a party going to Italy for the purpose of tendering their services to Garibaldi. Having known Garibaldi in New York, he was received by him in most flattering terms and made an officer of his staff. In several engagements which quickly followed, his dash and gallant courage were the frequent theme of the army correspondents of the British press, and won for him the title of the "Murat of America." Besides the high rank which Major Wheat bore upon Garibaldi's staff—that of a general officer—he was also the confidential friend of his commander, and was present when Garibaldi crowned Victor Emanuel with a laurel wreath as king of Italy.

The trouble arising at home gave another turn to his career. Proceeding to England, he took the first steamer for New York, and upon his arrival went to see General Scott, whom he called his military father, and for whom he had a great affection. General Scott, delighted to see him, promised him a good position in the Federal army. The tempting offer, and from a loved commander, too, was declined. A warm and generous heart prompted him to side with the cause of the oppressed, more especially when it was that of his family and people.

Proceeding to Montgomery, he offered his services to President Davis. For some reason they were refused. Soon hearing that his younger brother, Captain John Thomas Wheat (who afterward fell at Shiloh), was in command of a battery at Pensacola, he determined to go and be a *private* in his brother's company. On his way thither he stopped at New Orleans. General Twiggs sent for him, and offered a position to recruit near the city. But at the call for volunteers to go to Virginia, where it was certain the Federal government would strike the first blow, five full companies were organized by Major Wheat in a few days. But for his impatience to join in the first fight, he could easily have raised a regiment.

He arrived at the front in time to take a conspicuous part in the first battle of Manassas. Major Wheat had called the first company raised the "Old Dominion Guard." But another company named "The Tigers," and having a picture of a lamb with the legend "as gentle as," for its absurd device (*lucus a non lucendo*), exhibited such reckless daring and terrible havoc in their hand-to-hand struggle with the head of the attacking column, that the name of "Tigers," as often as "Wheat's Battalion," was thereafter its popular designation.

General Beauregard, in his official report, mentioned Major Wheat in the most flattering terms, as having won for himself and his command the "proud boast of belonging to that heroic band who saved the first hour at the battle of Manassas." In this battle Major Wheat was most severely wounded. He was at the head of his command, dismounted, with one hand holding the bridle of his horse, the other his sword raised aloft, his colossal frame being a conspicuous mark; a minie ball passed through his body from side to side, piercing both lungs. He was carried from the field and was told that his wound must prove mortal." He replied, "I will not die." The surgeon said, "There is no case upon record of recovery from such a wound." "Then," said he, "I will put my case on record." *And he did!* His recovery the surgeon attributed to his resolute will.

The popular impression in and out of the army now, was that Major Wheat should be promoted to the command of a regiment, if not a brigade. President Davis, on the night of the battle, when he heard the praises on every side of the gallant hero Wheat, rode up to the house where the sufferer lay, and when told he was too low to see him, sent him this message: "Tell Wheat I have heard of his gallant conduct on the field to-day, and he shall not be forgotten, dead or alive." But subsequent conduct on the President's part proved that he, at least, forgot *his* promises. As soon as Wheat was fit for duty he returned to his command, and was with Jackson in all that brilliant campaign which resulted in the discomfiture, successively, of Banks, Fremont, and Shields. He was always among the foremost in the fight taking batteries, and driving the enemy from his strongest positions. The newspapers of the day seldom give an account of a battle in which his name and daring are not flatteringly mentioned.

After all his wonderful escapes our patriot hero and martyr fell in the bloody battle of Gaines' Mill, near Cold Harbor, on the 27th of June, 1862. It was one of those desperate "seven days" fighting around Richmond, when McClellan was driven back and utterly defeated. In compliance with his own wish expressed in the words, "Bury me on the field, boys," his remains were at first interred near the spot where he fell; but it was afterward found impossible properly to protect the grave, and, therefore, the body was removed the following winter to Hollywood Cemetery, being escorted by a large military and civic procession from the Monumental church, where the burial service was performed by the Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, and

at the grave by Rev. Dr. McCabe. The caisson bier, the riderless horse, the solemn dirge, the soldier's thrice-vollied farewell, were these "the last of earth" to our hero."

The precious remains of his manly beauty were indeed laid in the grave, but he, the pure patriot, the self-sacrificing soldier, the martyred hero, the sincere Christian, had passed into the heavens—promoted at last!

Just before he fell at Cold Harbor, General Ewell pointed him out to his staff as he led the storming party against McClellan's strongest position a too "shining mark" for a thousand deadly missiles. There was one incident of that eventful day which, more than all besides, revealed the loftiness of his character and afforded to his mourning family and friends their most precious consolation. His mother had sent him some months before a little book of devotions called "Morning and Night Watches," with a request that he would read it regularly. He wrote to her that he was delighted with it, had been reading it as she desired, and would do so as long as he lived. He kept his word. Major Wheat's brother officers testified that they often saw him reading his little book, night and morning and that he frequently asked them to listen to such passages as he thought particularly eloquent and impressive. One who slept in the tent with him says that he often waked him up (when he had retired first) to listen to the "Night watch." On the morning of the 27th, in the gray light of the early dawn, and just before the battle was begun, he called his officers about him, took the little book from his breast-pocket where he always carried it, and telling them that it was the gift of his mother, that the portion for that morning had been marked by her own hand; that he had just read it in his tent, and feeling it peculiarly appropriate to men about to imperil their lives, he would read it, and expressed the hope that they would join him in the prayer. It was a prayer for a "Joyful Resurrection." Uncovering his head, he reverently and devoutly read it in his most feeling and impressive manner. This is its conclusion: "Lord, I commend myself to Thee. Prepare me for living, prepare me for dying. Let me live near Thee in grace now, that I may live with Thee in glory everlasting."

Putting the precious volume into his bosom, he mounted his horse and led them into the battle which was to cost so many of them their lives.

One of his brother officers, an eye-witness of the scene just described, writes of it after the "cruel war was over" in the following

words: "His mother, and his prayers were Bob Wheat's first thoughts on that eventful morning, and as he read his morning devotions for that twenty-seventh day of June, there was something in the sacred words that fitted the day of battle so well that he must wake us up, though sleeping so soundly and sweetly, to hear what he called 'the ration of the day.' After he had finished reading, he began to speak of his mother, and the tears streamed down his manly cheeks. In listening to that prayer, I learned a new lesson in religion and human nature. Here was a captain, himself a sinner as the world would say, of a battalion notoriously the wildest and wickedest in the whole army, recruited in great part from the prisons of New Orleans, actually touching me more sensibly than ever was done before, and inspiring me with more love for my fellow man! From the morning of Gaines' Mill, when Bob Wheat called us to prayer, and from the morning after the battle, when the rough soldier's hearty prayer went up to heaven from over his grave, wafting the sweet incense of brotherly love, and faith, hope, and charity, unto the throne of the Most High, I have had a higher appreciation of my fellow man, and a bigger faith in my God." The writer of memoir dwells with melancholy pleasure upon these recollections. The bread of religious training, cast upon the waters of his young life, was gathered after many days. The precious seed hidden for a time from human observation under the unfriendly influences of a soldier's life, yielded, nevertheless, in due time, a glorious harvest of piety and heroism, even to the sacrifice of life upon the altar of duty. He early adopted as his own, his father's motto, "*Astra Castra*," being terminals of the distich

"Non per sylvas, sed per castra,  
Nobis iter est ad astra,"

and which he rather freely rendered:

Through rural quiet doth thy pathway lie?  
Unending conflicts bear me to the sky.

In his letters to his mother he frequently assured her that "*Astra Castra*" was the governing principle of his life. In one written on his way to join Garibaldi, he says, "We hope soon to be doing good service in the great cause of human liberty. Do not, dear ma, fret about me. God will take me out of the world when He sees fit, and if he takes me while fighting for liberty, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain." H.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## THE KEY TO VICKSBURG.



SOMETIME on the morning of May 14, 1863, the terrible rattle of the "long roll" sounded in every camp surrounding the city of Vicksburg and as usual, under such circumstances, every soldier within its hearing was on his feet simultaneous with the interrogation "What's the matter?"

The firmament was clear, and as the roll of the camp drum continued, it was plain that the men along the line were taking the situation easy; but, after some suspense, it was learned that the alarm was occasioned by the arrival at General Pemberton's headquarters of a courier with the news that the Federal forces under General Grant were invading Mississippi, and that our river forces had been repulsed by their advance, at a place called Shell Mound, also that they were following up the Confederates, toward Raymond, in Hinds county, and that their intentions were to close in on Vicksburg's rear, and cut that city off from the rest of the Confederacy, and the world at large.

These rumors were confirmed by telegraph from Jackson, and the result was that the seventeen thousand soldiers to be spared from the ramparts of Vicksburg, were marched out to Big Black river; but on the next day they crossed that stream and advanced further east to Edwards' depot, a station thirty-seven miles east of Vicksburg, on the then "Southern" railroad. Here a halt was made, and that night we learned that the Yanks had "put a head" on our boys at Raymond, in a hard contested skirmish, and that it was likely we would see their banners next day. This caused an order to issue from General Pemberton to all division commanders to prepare a general line of defense for an engagement next day; so the order was complied with on the night of May 15th, and the center of this line lay directly across the hilly land of an old man named Champion. After the line was formed an order to "rest on arms" was passed from one end of it to the other, and every soldier that ever carried a gun, saber, or sword can imagine how nicely the boys dreamed of home and sweethearts under the circumstances.

Next morning, just about three o'clock, the entire army corps was awakened by a new kind of "long roll," and it proved to be a shot from a 12-pounder fired by the Federals. A sadder shot probably

was never fired during the war. The residence of old man Champion was penetrated by the iron messenger, and two of his daughters and a Confederate lieutenant were killed by it, while other occupants narrowly escaped with their lives. This shot was responded to in a feeble way by our artillery, and slowly but surely the cannonading increased as the batteries neared each other. An hour later and the rattle of musketry at a distance could be heard, and as daylight dawned the hardest and most closely-contested battle fought in the "Department of the Gulf" during the war was in progress.

General Loring being the senior major-general on the field, was second in command, and during the fight he caused to be executed some of the best maneuvering ever accomplished on any battlefield. There were nine remnants of divisions, which with a few outside cavalry and artillery companies, made up a respectable army corps, or about seventeen thousand men; and these chivalrous brothers marched side by side into an unlimited army of the enemy. The Federals frequently brought up fresh troops to relieve those that had fought preceding them, and this mode of assault was a great advantage to them, but Loring, by good, clean work, rolled up relief divisions on our side to remain long enough to enable those relieved to clean guns and prepare to continue the struggle.

General Lloyd Tilghman, a brave Kentuckian, was in command of the Confederate heavy artillery, and he had made a strong battery on a hill near old man Champion's gin-house. From this point he gave orders to distant parts of the field by signal and was fighting like a tiger, but at about 9 A. M., when he was in the act of stooping to aim a gun, a six-pound howitzer shot from the enemy's light battery pierced the left side of his abdomen, passing through, and he fell to the earth a corpse. His death appeared to decide the fate of the Confederate forces, as from that moment it was evident that defeat and disaster was sure to follow.

From 9 to 11 A. M. the battle raged fearfully, and the dead and wounded from both sides lay so thick that it would have been possible to have leaped from one corpse to another for a distance of three miles, but in some places they were absolutely piled up three and four high. On the Federal side, most soldiers killed were Dutch, whose appearance indicated that they had been imported especially to get killed in trying to kill the Southern cause for the money they got.

At 12 M., or thereabouts, it was evident that our soldiers were routed, as the roar of artillery and musketry had died out, and it was

only occasionally that portions of companies of Confederates could be seen wending their way out of the blood-stained field, and during the lull the Federals established a large field-hospital, where about twelve thousand soldiers of both sides were being cared for beside a small stream that flowed between two large hills. During the time the surgeons on both sides were working on the wounded, the Twelfth Louisiana Infantry, a regiment of fourteen companies, that by its singular maneuvering had not fired a shot all day, came thundering down both these hills, deployed as sharpshooters and in the quickest possible time had the entire hospital captured and insisted on holding everybody captives, notwithstanding the hospital flag floated at the time. After about an hour's interruption the commander of the regiment discovered he had made a "water-haul," and withdrew. During this charge, a noble-hearted Federal surgeon whose name I do not now recall, and who, while bending over a dying Confederate, doing all possible for him, was stricken over the head with an Enfield rifle in the hands of a Louisiana tiger and brutally murdered. For this act, a wounded Confederate captain arose from his couch, drew his pistol and shot the murderer through the head, killing him instantly for his fiendish act. These were the only persons killed in the hospital charge.

Late in the evening, General Loring issued an order to retreat to Vicksburg, and an attempt was made to obey by all divisions except Loring's and a part of French's, and these made a flank movement by which they gained the enemy's rear, as they advanced on our retreating forces. A skirmish was kept up, and our men worked backward very slowly until Big Black river was reached, where our boys hung up on the night of the 17th. So, on the morning of the 18th, another general battle occurred, which lasted long enough to enable our men to cross the stream and finally reach their old quarters in the ditches around Vicksburg. Meantime, Loring's small force in the rear had been slightly reinforced from Jackson, and managed to take care of the rear until eventually General Breckinridge's command and a division of Georgians joined and became part of the army in the rear.

On the 20th and 21st of May, Grant's forces crossed Big Black river, taking with them all the large and small guns captured from the Confederates in the disaster at Champion Hill, together with what they brought from the North, and then, day after day, they closed in on poor Vicksburg, until the city finally became a pen of imprisoned humanity, and from the 22d of May until three o'clock on the

morning of the 4th of July, a continuous, long-distance battle raged on the outskirts, while the river in front swarmed with gunboats, and the poor half-clad Confederates thus imprisoned, quivered from starvation. It was unquestionably the most soul-agonizing siege of war that human beings ever withstood. No pen could begin to picture the sufferings of brave men at Vicksburg during that terrible and trying ordeal.

On the morning of July 4th, 1863, the writer was at a picket-post near a small bridge, when all at once the western heavens were illuminated with a monster light which emanated from an exploded shell high up in the air. As this was witnessed a war-whoop rent the air, and the most disastrous retreat that any portion of an army ever made, was executed by the small Confederate army in the rear. The bursting shell was a signal from General Pemberton to General Loring on the outside, that Vicksburg could hold out no longer and must surrender, and this is what caused the stampede from Big Black river to Jackson, which, as before stated, was the most disastrous to man and beast ever witnessed. The roads and fields were strewn with crushed men and horses, broken wagons, sick and maimed soldiers, and everything else that war could produce, was wrecked and ruined during the 4th, 5th, and 6th of July, and on the latter date Jackson was reached. It was during this retreat that the son of General Tilghman was thrown from his horse near Clinton, Mississippi, and killed by his head coming in contact with a bar of railroad iron.

THOS. O. HALL.

[For the BIVOUAC]

#### A REMINISCENCE.



AN ambulance train arrived very late one night bringing an unusually large number of sick and wounded men, whose piteous moans filled the air as they were brought up the hill on "stretchers," or alighted at the door of the hospital from ambulances, which jolting over the rough, country road, had tortured them inexpressibly.

Occasionally, a scream of agony would arise, but more frequently a suppressed groan bespoke a strong man's suffering manfully borne. In the ward where those badly wounded were placed, there was so much to be done that morning found the work unfinished. It was, therefore, later than usual when the matron found time to pay her usual morning visit to other wards. Upon entering ward No. 4, her attention was attracted by a new patient who lay propped up



on one of the bunks near a window. He was a mere lad (perhaps twenty), and his eyes as they met hers expressed so plainly a sense of captivity and extreme dislike of it, that she felt very sorry for him. He had been dressed in a clean hospital shirt, but one shoulder and arm was bare and bandaged, for he had been wounded in the left shoulder—a slight wound, but sufficient to occasion severe pain and fever. At first Mrs. ——— did not approach him, but his eyes followed her as she paused by each bed to ascertain the needs of the sick and to bestow particular care in many cases. At last, however, she stood by his side, and placing her hand upon his head spoke to him. He moved uneasily and seemed to be trying to repress the quivering of his lip and the tears that, nevertheless, *would* come. Not wishing to notice his emotion just then, the lady called the nurse, and by way of diversion gave a few trifling directions, then passed on to another ward. Returning later, bringing some cooling drink and a bottle of *Confederate bay water* (vinegar), she gave him to drink and proceeded to sponge off his head and hands. He submitted, as it seemed at first, unwillingly, but just as the matron turned to leave him, he suddenly seized her hand, kissed it, and laid his burning cheek upon it. From that moment she was eagerly welcomed by him whenever she appeared among the sick. When he began to mend, and was allowed to talk freely, she learned his name, Robert Percy, and that he was a native of Bayou Sara, Louisiana, and a member of the fifth company of Washington Artillery, Captain Slocomb commanding. He had been wounded at Resaca. Mrs. ——— grew to love him dearly, and as soon as he was permitted to leave his bed he became averse to remaining in the ward and most of his waking hours were spent in the little room which was especially allotted to her. Whenever she returned after her rounds among the sick it was with a certainty that the glad, bright presence awaited her, and that many little plans for her rest and comfort would make the rough place homelike. He became to her like a dear, young brother, devoted and ever thoughtful.

The matron's room at the hospital was called very often "Soldier's Rest," and sometimes "*The Promised Land*," because many soldiers came there every day, and those newly convalescent made it a goal which they aspired to reach as soon as permitted. This habit gave the matron an opportunity to use properly what might have been sent in the boxes which arrived frequently from different quarters filled with a variety of goodies, but in quantities entirely insufficient to supply *all* the soldiers. A sangaree or any other delicacy,

taken while resting after a walk which taxed the weakened energies to the utmost, or a meal served outside the fevered air of the wards, did more to build up the strength than any amount of medicine could have done, and as there never was, by any chance, a supply of these things for one thousand men (the usual number assigned to Buckner hospital), delicacies (already becoming scarce), were served only to the very sick, or to convalescents. It was beautiful to see how young Percy delighted to assist in waiting on these visitors to "The Soldier's Rest," and how his sprightliness pleased and amused them.

His own great embarrassment seemed to be that he had lost all his clothes at the time he was wounded, so was compelled to wear the unbleached shirts with blue cottonade collars and cuffs, which were supplied to all patients and numbered to correspond with the bunks. These he called *State's prison* uniform. One day, however, Dr. Fennel, of New Orleans, Louisiana, paid a visit to Buckner hospital (then located at Newnan, Georgia), and left with the matron (herself from New Orleans) two large boxes of clothing and stores for the Louisiana soldiers. Percy assisted to unpack these boxes and soon found himself amply provided with underclothing and a nice jacket and pants of gray, also a new blanket. He was pleased, but not yet quite satisfied, for the jacket was *simply gray*, and he wanted it *trimmed with red*. It chanced that there was in one of the boxes a piece of red flannel, and with this his friend, the matron, trimmed the suit *under his careful supervision*. She can never forget how happy he was to get into this suit, or how he danced around her pretending to go through the the artillery drill and to load and fire at imaginary Yankees. Later, his cap was retrimmed, the letters and artillery badge furbished up, and one beautiful day was made sad and gloomy to his friend, Mrs. —, by the departure of this brave, dear boy to rejoin his command. Eager and bright, full of fire and ardor, the young soldier went to meet his doom. He reached the front (*where the company to which he belonged was always to be found*), shortly before the battle of Peach-tree creek, and here his bright, young face turned to the foe, his eager hands serving his gun to the last, he met a soldier's death.

Alas! poor Percy, his fate seemed hard, and yet his friend Mrs. —, while sincerely grieving, remembered with some degree of comfort the fact that so he had wished to die—upon the field of glory.

There came to the hospital at the same time with young Percy an intimate friend and comrade of his, whose name and the circum-

stances of his death were preserved in a diary kept by the matron, but which, with all her papers, fell into the hands of the enemy subsequently.

This poor fellow had pneumonia, which soon developed into typhoid. He was delirious when brought in and never regained consciousness. Vainly the matron strove to soothe him, stroking back the long, straight hair, black as a raven's wing, vainly trying to close the magnificent black eyes which forever stared into space, while the plaintive voice repeated ceaselessly "*Viens a moi, oh, ma mere,*" and thus he moaned and moaned until at last the white eyelids drooped beneath the gaze of death and the finger of eternal silence was laid upon the fevered lips. \* \* \* \* \*

Of course, Percy was not told how his friend died until long afterward, when his questions could no longer be evaded. He was deeply moved and cried out, "I don't want to die like that. If I *must* die during this war, I hope I shall be instantly killed upon the battle-field," and this wish was granted.

He sleeps in a soldier's grave, and in the light of eternity the sad mystery which still shadows the hearts of those who live to mourn the holy cause—loved—and *lost*, exists no more for him.

MRS. FANNIE A. BEERS.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

#### REMINISCENCES OF HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.



It is hard to realize the desperate character of the campaign undertaken by Hood, after the abandonment of Atlanta. With a Spartan band of choice spirits, he sought to redeem the fortunes of the Confederacy. Without provisions, and almost without ammunition, he attempted the recovery of Tennessee and Kentucky, when every place of importance was garrisoned and fortified, and whither the Northern hive could easily pour armed multitudes. Prodigies of valor were performed by his devoted band, but all in vain. The story of their sufferings and heroic daring remains to be told. The silence of the distinguished surviving generals, who repose under the shade of their laurels, should not be imitated by the humbler heroes who, shoulder to shoulder, bought with blood the glory of Hood's forlorn hope.

The following is from the pen of one who, with his musket, followed the Southern Cross "from end to end:"

It is wonderful and remarkable to what expedients the Southern soldier would resort to appease his hunger. In fact, if our Southern country did not abound with indigenous fruits and vegetables, many of our boys would have actually starved. On Hood's raid into Tennessee our soldiers lived on walnuts and pumpkins. We had been taught economy under Bragg, and "learned to live on nothing," and Joe Johnston, to upset, or rather to reverse everything that Bragg had done, "just surfeited" the army with good eating, good clothes, and a good time generally. On our Dalton-Atlanta campaign it was more of a picnic than a war. Old Joe was always fortified. There was about just enough shooting to lend interest to the occasion.

Old Joe knew that it was the last man and the last army that could be raised in the Southern Confederacy, and he knew that our farms were uncultivated, our fields laid waste; that our treasury was void; that our troops were laughed at, jeered, and despised by our foes; that our fleets and navy had been destroyed, and that one blunder or one defeat would finish our disgrace. It came like a clap of thunder in a clear sky that Johnston was removed and Hood in command. President Davis' instructions to Hood were: "You see in what a situation we are. Seek the enemy and give him battle. Sir, it is your last army. I do not insist on your beating, but on your attacking them. If the battle be lost, it will cripple Sherman, so that he will have to halt or retreat, and in either event I will send General Wheeler in his rear to cut and destroy his communications, all the way from the Chattahoochie to Dalton and Chattanooga, leaving him the only alternative of retreating or of attacking you in your strongholds."

Hood and Wheeler carried out to the letter the plans of President Davis. Hood attacked and drove the enemy at Atlanta on the 18th and 22d of July, and also on the 28th, being three desperate battles fought in ten days, and then Hood rested upon his arms for forty days behind his breastworks.

General Hood was just simply left in the lurch, and he, a poor cripple at that, who had lost in the war the greater part of his body. Well may the epitaph be written upon his monument,

"But the half of brave Hood's body moulders here;  
The rest was lost in honor's bold career.  
Both limbs and fame he scattered all around,  
Yet still, though mangled, was with honor crowned;  
For ever ready with his blood to part,  
War left him nothing whole—except his heart."

General John B. Hood did all that he could. The die had been cast. Our cause had been lost before he took command. He fought with the fierceness of the wounded tiger and the everlasting grip of the bull-dog. The army had been decimated until it was but a mere skeleton, and when he commenced his march into Tennessee he had the following troops: Lee's corps, 4,762; Stewart's corps, 5,221; Cheatham's corps, 3,467; artillery, 1,547; calvary, 1,700; total of all arms, 16,697. Now, out of this 16,697 there had to be quartermasters, commissaries, staff officers, wagon drivers, infirmary corps, signal corps, dead beats, and non-combatants. (I get the above from the annals of Tennessee, published by Col. E. R. Drake.) This would leave about 8,348½ muskets to do the fighting, and these few patriots at the point of starvation. It is a fact that Hood's army lived principally on walnuts and pumpkins on his advance into Tennessee. I have seen soldiers on the march rush like wild when they saw a walnut tree. They would fill their haversacks, and at night, when we went into bivouac, would have some of the nicest cracking you ever saw. I also remember, on one occasion, a big, strapping fellow by the name of Tennessee Thomason (who could, and always did, carry as much on the march as a mountain mule) having a load of pumpkins. He had found a pumpkin-field near Florence, Ala., and, wishing to load himself, had to contrive a plan for carrying them into camp. The way he did was by cutting a number of poles and stringing the pumpkins on these poles, they being formed in a square by tying at the corners, and then another layer of poles above this strung with pumpkins, another in like manner above this, and so on up to the fourth, thus making sixteen poles, with six pumpkins on each pole, would equal ninety-six pumpkins. Well, one evening our company was startled by seeing this load of pumpkins moving apparently without a cause, and when it approached we heard old Tennessee say, "Bully for Bragg; he's hell on retreat." But Tennessee, happening to belong to my mess, was hailed with shouts of joy by the entire company. The pumpkins were cut up and dried, and when Hood commenced his march towards Nashville all of our company had a haversack full of dried pumpkins.

The bloody and terrible battle of Franklin, in which nearly two-thirds of poor Hood's army were simply butchered, and then the terrible campaign around Nashville and its awful results, and the retreat out of Tennessee in midwinter, to which Napoleon Bonaparte's retreat from Moscow was a parallel. After leaving Nashville the army was daily diminished by sickness, by the inclemency of

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the weather, by the fatigue of marching through miry clay, and by a most alarming scarcity of food, which distressed even the officers. Amid these circumstances nothing but murmuring and cursing was to be heard in the ranks. All the villages through which they passed had been plundered by the advance guard. Nothing could be more shocking to one who had any sense of humanity than these scenes of ruin. Not an inhabitant was to be seen; the doors and windows of the houses were broken down by Sherman's incendiaries on his his "grand march to the sea, while the world looked on and wondered." Within these wretched homes that had not been burned could be traced only the marks of the most diabolical lust of destruction. The beds were ripped up and feathers scattered over the floor. All the linen that the soldiers could not carry off lay torn in shreds, and the rest of the furniture was dashed to pieces. On the way we found a great number of slaughtered cattle, from each of which half, or perhaps only a quarter, of the meat was cut away, and the remainder left to rot in the field. Some of the villages were set on fire after they were plundered. The officers saw all this, but did not prevent it.

Now, the question is, how did this retreating army live? I can tell you; but, lest I startle you, I wish to make a little explanation. I put this here so that you may inquire of any old soldier who followed Hood out of Tennessee, and he will confirm the statement. There is a species of highland turtle in Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida (the shell of which our forefathers used to make soap-gourds out of), and which is called "gopher." Now, then, the soldiers lived upon walnuts and gophers. We could find plenty of gophers, and the way we cooked them was to roast them in the fire like potatoes, but the d—l of it the gophers would crawl out, although we had previously cut off their heads; but no sooner would one crawl out than he was pushed back again, and in this way we would get them thoroughly roasted.

A thousand incidents could be told of how our Southern soldiers lived, but, lest I bear too hard on the bump of credulity, I will close this article for the present.

S. R. WATKINS.



[For the BIVOUAC.]

**AN ADVENTURE OF GENERAL LEONIDAS POLK AT THE  
BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.**

When the accounts of the hard battles fought during the war are rendered by the true historian, it will be found that the battle of Perryville was one of the hardest contested and one of the most sanguinary during the war. It was like two huge monsters together in one death-grasp, and each trying to drink the last drop of the other's blood. It was the only battle in which bayonets and butts of guns were used with death-dealing effect.

The battle of Perryville was fought in the afternoon, raging until ar in the night, both sides holding their grounds and fighting like demons in the very pit of hell. It was a battle in which even generals were "seen at the front," even where the fighting was going on, as the following adventure of General Leonidas Polk will show, and as told by himself:

"Well, sir, it was at the battle of Perryville, late in the evening, in fact, it was almost dark, when Siddell's brigade came into action. Shortly after its arrival I observed a body of men, whom I believed to be Confederates, standing at an angle to this brigade and firing obliquely at the newly-arrived troops. I said, 'Dear me, this is very sad, and must be stopped.' So I turned around, but could find none of my young men, who were absent on different messages; so I determined to ride myself and settle the matter. Having cantered up to the colonel of the regiment which was firing, I asked, in angry tones, what he meant by shooting his own friends, and I desired him to cease firing at once. He said, with surprise, 'I don't think there can be any mistake about it, for I am d—d certain that they are the enemy.' 'Enemy!' I said, 'why I have just left them myself. Cease firing, sir. What is your name, sir?' 'My name is Colonel —, of the — Indiana; and pray, sir, who are you?' Then, for the first time, I saw, to my astonishment, that he was a Yankee, and that I was in rear of a regiment of Yankees. Well, I saw that there was no hope but to brazen it out. My dark blouse and the increasing obscurity befriended me; so I approached quite close to him and shook my fist in his face, saying, 'I'll soon show you who I am, sir. Cease firing, sir, at once!' I then turned my horse and cantered slowly down the line, shouting in an authoritative manner to the Yankees to 'cease firing.' At the same time I experienced a disagreeable sensation like screwing up my back, and calculating how many bullets would be between my shoulders every moment.

I was afraid to increase my pace until I got to a small copse, when I put the spurs in and galloped back to my men. I immediately went to the nearest colonel and said to him, 'Colonel, I have reconnoitered those fellows pretty closely, and I find there is no mistaking who they are. You may get up and go at them.' So I ordered Siddell's brigade to cease firing and to promptly load their guns, and for no man to pull a trigger or fire a gun unless he had a dead aim on a Yankee. After every one was loaded I ordered the firing obliquely to the left, and, when they did fire, nearly three thousand muskets blazed as one gun, and as with the deafening crash of a platoon of artillery. And I assure you, sir, that the slaughter of that Indiana regiment was the greatest I had ever seen in the war."

The above incident is true in every particular, and given in the very words of General Polk. CO. AYCH.

#### A NAVAL OFFICER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF LEE'S RETREAT.



THE first days of April, 1865, came warm and welcome upon the Confederate capital. The beautiful linden trees of the capital square were putting forth their buds, and the grass was green and sweet; all nature seemed lovely with the Easter dawn of spring in the beleaguered capital of the Confederate States. The old and young soldiers of the "Lost Cause" were at that time resting, as it were, between the bursts of battle. Grant, with the largest and finest equipped army that the world has ever seen since Napoleon's camp on the English channel, was waiting to strike the stern, old hero, Lee, his death-blow—while the soldiers of Lee, sullenly and silently, waited and watched for the final charge or conflict between the armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia, each a giant—the Northern giant having regained his strength, from so often being hurled to the ground by the "miserables" of Lee's army. Such was the military situation in the early days of April, 1865. The gallant division of Pickett's Virginians had been decimated at Five Forks, and Pegram's name had been added to the long list of those "who had tried to serve their country and their God." On the Sunday preceding the 2d of April, St. Paul's church, Richmond, Virginia, was crowded with the beauty, elite, and fashion of the capital. President Davis and staff, and nearly or perhaps all of the heads of the



various departments were there. Whatever military movements were on foot, or had been ordered, perhaps, were unknown to the public, and they worshipped as they believed in FAITH and security. The Rev. Dr. Minnigerode was the officiating minister, and perhaps his son, James G. Minnigerode, at that time a midshipman in the Confederate States Navy, may have been present. (Mr. James G. Minnigerode is at present rector of Calvary church in Louisville, Kentucky.) Before the close of the sermon it became evident that some great movement was in progress. Mr. Davis and staff, after a few hasty words with a messenger, left the church. The services were soon concluded, and when the congregation reached the street they then learned, the appalling fact to them, that General Lee was evacuating his lines, and that Richmond, the heart and soul, as it were, of the Confederacy, was to be evacuated at once. The writer of this article was one of the congregation, though stationed at Drury's Bluff, some nine or ten miles distant, and it is needless to say that he stayed but a very short while to say his "adios." A brisk ride soon brought me to my portion of the army, "Custis Lee's division," in which we, the naval brigade, had been placed. Then took place a strange and brilliant scene to the writer. After all the land forces had been mustered, etc., and equipped as far as possible for a long march, suddenly the night was lit by the conflagration of all the officer's quarters in and around the forts, and to this was added the lurid flames of the gunboat flotilla; and as the flames mounted heavenward, they were again and again accompanied by the discharges of the heated, heavy guns, and the bursting of shells, showing very plainly to the Federals our purpose. Amid this scene of destruction the naval brigade marched forth with Commodore Tucker in command, and Major Simms, of the marine corps, in command of the marines—Lieutenants J. P. Claybrook, Gardner, Dan Lee, Dan Trigg, Mortimer M. Benton, Jr., and others of the naval brigade, including the writer, with Commodore Tucker. We were at once assigned to our proper place in the line of retreat, and our division was to support Gordon's, who was bringing up the rear guard, Mahone's division, followed by the remnant of Pickett's, being immediately in our front. I can never forget how strangely I felt as we passed near Richmond and saw the city on fire, nor how I felt when day after day, and night after night, we dragged our slow length along, stopping, perhaps, every half hour to repel some attack, or to meet some Federal force which had gotten ahead of us. Our men being sailors, were well drilled and armed, but had abso-

lutely little or nothing to eat; being unaccustomed to march any distance, it was not long before the muddy and cut-up roads began to tell upon them.

Just before reaching Amelia Court-house, on the night of April 4th or 5th, some Virginia battalions were marching immediately in front of us. There was a broad, open, country road and an old field on the right-hand side of the railway, up which we were marching towards Amelia Court-house. On the right of this was a new ground, freshly cleared—all the brush burnt off, but the logs lying there still. About ten o'clock at night three Federal regiments, having seen our line of march, ambushed us just as the Twentieth Virginia Battalion was about to cross the railway, killing a good many of our men, and, among others, the gallant Major Smith, of Norfolk, Virginia. This stampeded the battalion, and every man took to his heels. In this battalion there happened to be two brothers and a brother-in-law, all from Campbell county, Virginia. At the first cry of "Custer's cavalry" these Campbellites, like the rest of their comrades, fled. Being farmers, they remembered the large logs which were near in the new ground, and they made a bee line for the same. The first one fell over a large *butt log* of an oak, and, as he says, "I thought I was safe sure, but I hadn't got more'n fixed afore a fellow flopped right over on me and lay still as a mouse, and as they was a shootin' and yellin', I thought I had best lay still, as I was pertected in rear, on top and bottom, but, by Jinks, just then come another fellow ker-flop over the same darn log, right on top of me and tother man, and I was 'bliged to say, '*Boys, lighten a little,*' when, darn my buttons, if 'twan't both Sam and Bill" (his brother and brother-in-law).

At Amelia Court-house, where we expected to get rations, ammunition, etc., we found absolutely nothing. Our division filed on wearily and foot-sore; passed this place, leaving General Lee standing in a yard as we passed by. Then the demoralization of the grand old army of Northern Virginia became apparent. Just as I was passing up a hill beyond Amelia Court-house, I saw a party of cannoneers digging a trench. I thought at first they were, of course, burying some of the slain, but was surprised to find out that they were burying their GUNS, having used all their ammunition and no possible means of getting more.

The next day, April 6th, brought us to Sailor's Creek. Here it was generally understood we were to await and support Gordon's division. Early during the day, while our men, tired and worn out,

were quietly sleeping in the road, under a vigorous shelling from two or three three-inch rifle cannon, we were ordered to take position across the creek, and to hold our position *until relieved*. (Custer relieved us.) During this day's fight our brigade was opposed in an almost hand-to-hand fight with the Sixth army corps (Hancock's), in our immediate front. The Second corps (U. S.) being on our left, and the Fifth corps and Custer's cavalry on our right. Custer's corps had to charge across an old field some several hundred yards wide. Our men and the remnant of Pickett's division, including the Twenty-eighth Virginia regiment, were in the old-field pines. We had made but little preparation, and as Custer, on his fine, black stallion, with his flowing hair and black velvet suit, would marshal his men to charge us again and again, he was the object of at least a dozen of the best shots in the Twenty-eighth Virginia, but escaped unhurt. After fighting for eight hours, we surrendered to the troops *in our rear*, between Mahone's division and ours. Among those captured there were, besides myself and all of the officers of the naval brigade, including the Rev. Mortimer M. Benton, Jr., an Episcopal clergyman, now in Louisville; Major J. P. Claybrook, now of Louisville; Rev. Chris. Foule, rector of St. Phillip's Parish, Atlanta, Ga.; General Ewell and Staff, General Custis Lee and staff, and Colonel Tom Ochiltree, to whose staff or to what part of the army he belonged, I never heard.

R. A. CAMM,  
*Lieut. C. S. Navy.*

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

### THIRTIETH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.



THE following brief sketch of the Thirtieth Tennessee Regiment is the tribute of one who rightly thinks its valor and constancy should not be forgotten. Little is told, but enough to make one wish for more. Do none survive unselfish enough to speak in detail of the noble conduct of some of their comrades? The most precious heritage of freemen is the glorious deeds of their forefathers. Sad is the fate of those, who, though they died for their country, yet sleep in unknown graves, with all the good they did "interred with their bones:"

With malice toward none and good will for all, and bowing humble obeisance to the BIVOUAC and its numerous readers, I have taken

upon myself the task of penning a brief sketch of the regiment whose number stands at the head of this article, but feeling my inability to do full justice to the subject, I hope the "inquiring public" will be lenient in their criticisms when the writer faithfully promises that where style is lacking, *solid facts* will be made to fill the breach; and furthermore, with Fort Donelson, Port Hudson, Vicksburg, Jackson, Raymond, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Rocky Face Ridge, Dallas, Resaca, Kennesaw Mountain, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin, Nashville, Bentonville, and scores of other battles of minor importance inscribed upon its tattered and battle-scarred banner, the writer thinks the regiment justly entitled to a short notice, at least.

The regiment was made up principally from the counties of Sumner and Robertson, and if my memory serves me aright, one thousand and fifty men answered to roll-call. John W. Head, of Gallatin, was elected colonel, but only remained with the regiment until the fall of Fort Donelson, when he had the good fortune to escape. Not so with his men, who were surrendered and speedily transported to a Northern prison.

We were accompanied on the journey by a Dutch band, which continued to toot till the end of the journey was reached. After a confinement lasting seven long, weary months, when each one of us had a foretaste of Hades, the regiment was sent to Vicksburg for exchange. From Vicksburg it was transferred by rail to Jackson, where for the second time a reorganization was effected, Major J. J. Turner, of Gallatin, than whom, a more brave and chivalrous soul never drew sword, being elected colonel, after which the ball commenced and continued to roll throughout the remainder of the unequal and bloody struggle. Through all the trials and vicissitudes consequent upon bloody, cruel war, whether in bivouac, on the march, or upon the field of carnage, this regiment was ever ready for duty, and as to how faithfully the last named was fulfilled, the writer has only to point to the battle-fields of the "Sunny South," where sleep in death's cold embrace two-thirds of this little, devoted band, for answer. But, then, scores of other regiments can say as much.

After serving throughout the Mississippi campaign under General Joseph E. Johnston, the regiment was sent to reinforce General Bragg at Chickamauga, where Company "A" went into the fight with forty-one men, leaving thirteen dead and nineteen wounded, some so severely that they died shortly thereafter.

It fought through the entire campaign of Johnston and Hood, where fighting was an every-day business, and finally went down with the Confederacy at Greensboro, North Carolina, with the conscientious conviction that all had been done that was possible for man to do in defense of the loved and cherished "Dixie Land."

I forgot to mention that at Chickamauga there was not enough of the colors left to make a respectable collar, yet the color-bearer clung to the staff as if it was the "staff of life."

H. H. HOCKERSMITH.

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**"BURY ME ON THE FIELD, BOYS."**

Major Wheat's request to be buried on the battle-field was made the subject of several poems which were published in various papers of the South, accompanied by eulogistic notices of his character and services on behalf of the Confederacy. The following verses interpret his request most correctly, and in perfect agreement with his known sentiments upon the subject, were printed clandestinely in the city of New Orleans, during Butler's reign of terror, on sheets of letter paper and circulated in large numbers over the city—none knew by whom or how, simply signed "H."

"Bury me on the field, boys," and away to the glorious fight;  
You will come this way again, boys, in your triumph march to-night;  
But when you pass this spot, boys, I would not have you sigh—  
In holy cause of country, boys, who would not gladly die?

"Bury me on the field, boys," where a soldier loves to rest,  
And sweet shall be my sleep, boys, upon my country's breast,  
For she is dearer far, boys, than aught this world can give,  
And gladly do I die, boys, that she may proudly live.

"Bury me on the field, boys," and away to meet the foe,  
Hands that have dug a grave, boys, shall lay their legions low;  
Eyes that have wept this morn, boys, shall smile at close of day,  
For Southern hearts shall triumph, boys, in the Northerner's dismay.

"Bury me on the field, boys, and then to make a stand,  
Which will loose the tyrant's grip, boys, from our Southern sunny land;  
And teach the invading foe, boys, in Freedom's holy strife,  
The Southern heart will sever, boys, the fondest ties of life.

"Bury me on the field, boys; I do not die in vain,  
For Freedom's rose shall spring, boys, from out this bloody rain,  
And soon the South shall rise, boys, all beautiful and fair,  
With sun-light rays around her, boys, and stars upon her hair.

"Bury me on the field, boys; this vision bright and sweet  
Was surely sent to cheer me, boys, in this my own defeat.  
There, take my trembling hand, boys; I thank you for your care;  
But let each soldier's heart, boys, ascend with mine in prayer.

"From the battle-field of life, boys, all wretched, weary, sore,  
Pray that my fainting soul, boys, may reach the heavenly shore,  
And in that land of love, boys, the weary may find rest,  
And the poor, repentant soldier, boys, find shelter 'mong the blest.

"Bury me on the field, boys; my life is ebbing fast;  
One moment more of pain, boys, and then the trial's past;  
I can not see you now boys; there's a mist before my sight;  
But hark! I hear sweet music, boys; thank God! we've won the fight."

[Written for the BIVOUCAC.]

#### A RUNAWAY MATCH IN DIXIE.



N South-western Virginia, a circle of springs bubble up, unite and make their escape in a bright little rivulet over which a child may step. This meanders along with added force from affluent mountain streams until at Kingsport, it joins its fortunes with another venturesome streamlet where the Holston takes its first leap gulfward, and mingles its waters with the Clinch, at Kingston, to form the broad Tennessee.

These waters flow on gently, past the imposing houses of wealthy land-owners, near the modest cabins of dependent, harvest laborers and wood-choppers, and through a lovely region shut in by a cordon of distant, blue hills.

This favored land of nature is East Tennessee, pronounced there as if spelled *Eastenisee*, and its inhabitants were originally from that section whose *population*, in the language of a native "cawnsists in pitch, tar, and turpentine, and a right smart chance of light'ood;" but whatever their forefathers may have been, the sons are much given to the ways of mankind, and a disposition to obey the divine command to fill up the earth's waste places, furnishes the gist of this incident.

The chinked and daubed cabins are the castles of the representative people, unlettered, brave, honest, and hospitable to the degree that sweetens the meager fare of corn-bread pones, hoecakes, butter-milk and "them molasses;" to a stranger the heartiness of their

"light, sir," explains why the latch-string is on the outside, and "tired nature's sweet restorer" never did a balmier job than when a soldier in the late war was fortunate enough to stretch his tired limbs on an East Tennessee shuck mattress, resting as it usually did, gingerly, on the shaky puncheons of the loft. The war between the States struck East Tennessee fore, aft, and amidships; her sons volunteered on all sides and were on all sides, were either "we 'uns," or "you 'uns," as might be the more politic; but the shrewder class were the "Troglodytes," who either preserved their loyalty to the Union by keeping out of the Confederate army, or showed their devotion to the Confederacy by delving in saltpetre caves for material to blow the invaders of the "sacred soil" over the Cumberlands. East Tennessee was debatable ground, and the discussion of four years' duration was of the liveliest character; war all the time, and just how a man, at this soul-trying time, could think of having two wars on his hands by marrying, surpasses all human understanding.

Our story commences on one of those beautiful October evenings whose description may be found in any of Wm. Black's novels, when a couple of equestrians, a man and a woman, might, after the style of G. P. R. James' heroes, have been seen approaching the modest cabin of a parson "passing rich with forty dollars Confederate scrip a year." Their path was lighted up by the glow of the parson's full-moon face in the doorway, made more radiant by the prospect in fee of a jug of "apple sarse." They dismount from the plain-ribbed steeds, enter the house, and stand in the middle of the room, while the flickering flame of a tallow-dipped candle showed that he was a cave dweller, lank and gawky, reaching in height six feet, wearing a ventilated, slouch hat, which shaded a thin nose, flanked by deep-set, watery, blue eyes, and the whole supported by an isthmus of uncollared neck, projecting from between two high-jointed, but narrow shoulders. These promontories, with the intervening chest and arms were coated and waist-coated with a fitless wrap of homespun blue jeans, whose sleeves failed to reach a pair of sun-browned wrists, though an effort seemed to have been made to eke out the precious cloth, at the elbows, with squares of a different color. His breeches were of a butternut-brown, relieved in part by exposed portions of socks of gray yarn and connecting to the superstructure by a pair of mud-coated, home-made boots. If charity covers a multitude of faults, it does it not more completely than an appropriate article of costume gives finish to the "tout ensemble" of a bridal attire, and our groom's manly heart palpitated beneath

the ruffled folds of a calico shirt. The lass was not exactly of the Maude Muller trip-on-the-grass-and-spill-the-milk pattern, but she wore a green sun-bonnet with slats, about five feet above the ground. Her dress was of checked, homespun cotton, high-throated and waist-shortened so as to raise the narrow skirt several inches above a clumsy pair of rough shoes, giving her the appearance of having been thrust too far through her gown.

There stood the bashful bumpkin with his dulcinea edging close to him and timidly clutching at the skirt of his coat, while her unpowdered blushes lent a very complimentary red to the green of the sun-bonnet scoop, and then the tuneful voice of a small boy broke the awkward silence with the startling information "that firing was a goin' on down at Reberville." "Saddle one of the critters, Johnnie, fetch him to the stile, and hurry every other animal off to the woods," said the good man, and turning to the uneasy couple, inquired what he could do for them.

"Waal," stammered the swain, "we 'uns, Jerush and me, kind a thought that being as how we'd a bin keepin' compan fur a long spell, that, that we mought as well git married and settle down, you know."

"Yes, yes," thoughtfully responded the good man, "young folks will marry in spite of these troublesome war times," his reference to the war was just then emphasized by the bangs of distant guns, and the unique marriage ceremony, parenthesized with words of the boy, words for the horses, and interjected sounds of musketry was something like this: "Do you, Con Skrip, take this (bay mare, father) to (get your horses quick) be your lawful and wedded (bang, bang) wife, until death (whip up your nags) do you part (bang). Do you, Jerusha Panzee, take this (blasted stumbler) man to be your lawful (confound the critter) husband, to love, honor and (jerk the bit) obey him, so long as both of you shall (whoa) live (bang, bang); jine your right hands quick; if anybody knows cause (bang) why this couple shall not be jined in holy bonds of matrimony, let him speak out or (check up your horses) ever after hold your peace (bang)."

As there were no witnesses except those urging the clattering hoofs in the chase, no objection was urged, but the poor horses were to their utmost speed while the parson pronounced the couple man and wife. The bridal party took a diverging road toward the mountain and the groom, in the exuberance of his happiness, yelled back that he'd soon send over a bushel of taters, and the itinerant mes-



senger of peace sped toward the dwindling Confederacy, having no old shoe to throw at the happy pair, bade them God speed with this parting advice, which was at once chaste, timely, and impressive, "O, Con, don't forget the taters."

Twenty years have passed and all is peaceful in Eastenissee, occasionally, it is true, the war is mentioned and the young people marry as of yore, but never has so romantic a wedding been celebrated within the sound of the Holston's rushing waters as on the day when Con Skrip galloped away with his bride in 1864.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

#### ORPHAN BRIGADE GLEE CLUB.



WHEN one is far away and alone in the solemn hours of night, it is only a step in imagination to hear "sounds from home." Haven't you frequently heard the old church bells when the well-known hour for assembling came, and you were a "lonesome pick-et" between friend and foe? You were surely not dreaming when you heard the soft rumbling of the church organ and the sacred song commence. So now can I hear the old Glee Club of the First Kentucky Brigade. Again, from the hills of Tennessee and Georgia, and the pines of Mississippi and South Carolina, come the welcome strains of "Neapolitan," "Oft in the Stilly Night," etc.

My heart is so full of the thoughts of our jolly, light-hearted "band" that anything I may tell you in this paper will look dwarfed and unsatisfactory to me.

Our club indulged in vocal and instrumental music, and wherever we went we got the best the land afforded. We were petted by the ladies and flattered by our comrades. It was a mere formality to get a pass to go where we wished in the neighborhood, and the officers were quick to volunteer their services in carrying our "music boxes," and rendering willing assistance to those of our number who became over-fatigued or indisposed on the trip. I remember, as if yesterday, the patient, uncomplaining Colonel T——, as he threaded the jagged rocks of the Coffee county hills, with my fiddle box across his shoulder. He could neither play nor sing, but he had a wonderful "ear" for a square meal. Occasionally, we would wan-

der over all the adjoining country without eliciting a response to our "Come Where My love Lies Dreaming," "Take Me Home to the Place," etc. We would spend the whole night trying, and, as the weird, uncertain light of dawn was reflected from our returning faces, the haggard cheeks were eloquent of hunger, and the club and volunteers cursed and swore in single file.

About the first organized effort of the club was at Manchester, Tennessee, where we achieved some wonderful successes. The old paper-mill in the forks of the river was used as a party-hall. We gave several delightful parties there, in the second story, which was well adapted for ball-room, dining-room, and dressing-rooms. The ladies came to the gatherings in force, bringing their large, well-filled baskets. Our club furnished the music, and took the lead in all the fun. I often wonder if the marvelous gate at Mr. C.'s is standing yet. It was made after the manner of a turnstile, with four large wings, and revolved, so that it was always open and always shut. We met there often by request of the ladies, who were also musicians, and enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. C. The song, "Lorena," had just come in full rage, and the ladies and soldiers were constantly singing it. One night, when leaving this house, a large, fat sergeant (a volunteer instrument-carrier) of the Ninth Kentucky, being dazed by the splendor of the entertainment inside, and his good nature being overcome by the strains of "Lorena," got stuck in this terrible gate, and commenced to follow it as it revolved. He was found and extricated by a passer-by, who was attracted by his singing :

"One hundred months have passed, Lorena,  
Since last I clasped that hand in mine," etc.

At the same time, he was patiently following the gate, now in the yard, now on the pavement, like a faithful horse on a threshing floor. He still lives, but shuns revolving gates. All along the subsequent campaigns our club was ready to sing and play, but our real, unalloyed pleasure commenced when, weary and worn and scarred and discolored by the soil of the intrenchments and four months' incessant fighting, the joyful news came that we were to be mounted. What glad shouts went up from rank and file. What happy notes went from throat, and fiddle, and flute, and horn. The Glee Club sung and played from Barnesville, Georgia, to Dorn's gold mines, in South Carolina. We met with cordial receptions everywhere. The soldiers vied with each other in pointing out fine-looking houses in our vicinity. Even our general would often ask us, "Boys, ain't you going out to night? I saw a splendid-looking house over there," in-

dicating the direction by a motion of the arm. A citizen was heard to say to him one day, "General, I wish you could send them singin' boys over to my house to-night." The general sent us, and went along with his staff.

We usually opened out with, "We Come Again with Songs to Greet you." Our sergeant-major, who dealt, and still deals, in consistent figures and facts, never could see the propriety of singing that song, for it implied that we had greeted them before, whereas, we had, in many cases, never even heard of them.

Time and space forbid me telling of the many delicious spreads in our honor, and how we dined and supped with the good people on Briar Creek, Georgia; how we gave picnics under the pines in South Carolina, and spread the long leaves (or needles) down for a floor. Those familiar with this subject will remember about it, and wonder why I have left out so much, and, if present, could call to mind many interesting incidents connected with it.

According to my recollection, the club was composed of the following names:

Thomas J. Surran, Fourth Kentucky, first tenor.  
 Knox Russell, Fourth Kentucky, second tenor.  
 John L. Marshall, Fourth Kentucky, second tenor and violin.  
 W. Bat. Moore, Fourth Kentucky, second tenor and guitar.  
 Jack T. Brown, Fourth Kentucky, first tenor and banjo.  
 Ed. L. Davezac, Second Kentucky, second tenor.  
 Jo. Tydings, Ninth Kentucky, first tenor.  
 John B. Moore, Fourth Kentucky, first bass and flute.  
 Chas. L. Ward, Fourth Kentucky, first bass, cornet, piano, etc.  
 G. Hec. Burton, Fourth Kentucky, second bass.  
 John H. Weller, Fourth Kentucky, second bass and violin.

FRED JOYCE.

#### A NIGHT OF ADVENTURE.



OLLOWING is an amusing account which was obtained from the chief actor, whom I shall call Sandy Grim, and is sent because it seems to illustrate the hotel side of Confederate life:

One evening during the month of September, 1864, Sandy Grim registered at a hotel in Lynchburg, with the view of getting a comfortable night's rest. His command was on the point of setting out by rail to Staunton. Some had already gone; others were expecting to

leave at any moment. A company of Stuart's horse artillery was bivouaced in the stable yard, and to kill time till the train arrived, some of the light-hearted youths were holding a free concert. They commenced a little after dark and sung till midnight, stopping from exhaustion only. They sang the soldiers' favorites, such as "Kiss him for his mother," "Her bright smile haunts me still," and others, over and over again. But the one they never tired of singing was "The Cavalier's Glee," Stuart's favorite. Sandy Grim had retired early, but he could not get to sleep. He had a room-mate who had gotten the start, and who at short intervals seemed to be in the last agonies of strangulation. And, when, just as he would close his eyes and the world of consciousness seemed fading away the ever-recurring refrain of "Spur on, spur on," would recall him to the horrors of real life.

Sandy Grim became desperate—after tossing for several hours in torment he got up and put on his clothes. For a long time he sat by the window counting the strokes of the clock and listening to the hum of the "drowsy beetle," at last it occurred to him that he could utilize his leisure time by paying off an old score with two friends of his who were sleeping in the adjoining room.

Walking up to the door he knocked pretty loudly. "Who's that," said Captain G. "Gemmen," was the response, pitched in a servile key, "time to get up if you're gwine on the early train." "All right, old man," said Captain G., "just pass on please, we are not going on the train." Sandy Grim shut the door and went away. In about twenty minutes he returned, wrapping authoritatively. "Who's that," said Captain G. and Lieutenant P. in the same breath. "It's train time, gemmen." "Didn't I tell you, you old fool?" said Captain G., "that we wern't going." "Old man," said Lieutenant P., as if to end the matter, "we have engaged board here and won't leave for several days." "Beg your pardon, gemmen," said Sandy, closing the door.

In about twenty minutes there was the silence of death in the adjoining room. Sandy Grim, like a faithful sentinel, stole softly to the door and just pushing it slightly open, again wrapped. "Hang me if there ain't that old nigger again," Captain G. was heard to groan. "Gemmen," said Sandy, "the train is ready to start." "Didn't I tell you," yelled Lieutenant P., "that we had engaged board here for a month, and besides that we are conscientiously opposed to railroads and *never* ride on trains at all." "And if you come back here any more," growled Captain G., "I'll blow your head off you."

Undismayed, Mr. Grim retired to his own room, and taking his station by the window, looked out on the quiet stars and laughed till he was almost sleepy.

It was now nearly four o'clock. Once more the faithful sentinel sauntered on tiptoe to the half-open door of the doomed room. To make sure that no one was lying in wait to blow his head off, he stopped and listened. All was quiet. The exhausted patriots were sweetly sleeping. "Gemmen," said he, with a bang, "the train—" "Get out of here, you old villain," and an invisible piece of matter grazed his head. Sandy Grim retired now somewhat in disorder, and again seated himself by the window. Seeing that day was breaking and hearing the cry of "morning papers," a bright idea struck him. He went down stairs into the street and interviewed a newsboy. After buying a paper, for which he paid fifty cents, he told the boy that he could tell him where he probably might sell a half a dozen copies.

"They are going on the early train, and if still asleep will be much obliged to you for waking them. If you get them thoroughly aroused they'll buy at least a half dozen copies." "All right," said the boy, "what's the number?" Having given the proper directions, Sandy Grim followed and waited at a respectful distance. In a short time there was the sound of angry voices. Presently the boy appeared in full retreat followed by a broken bottle and the soap bowl. "How many did you sell?" said Mr. Grim, encouragingly. "Sell nawthing," said the boy, rubbing his head, "they was a red-headed fellow there that tried to kill me." After paying the boy a dollar and waiting for a quarter of an hour, Mr. Grim entered the room without knocking. The occupants immediately arose with weapons in their hands; upon recognizing him, they apologized, saying they had taken him for the newsboy.

"Fine morning," said Sandy Grim, going to the window and looking out to conceal his feelings; "hope you all slept well. I had a glorious night's rest." "Rest," cried Lieutenant P., raising up in bed and glaring at him, "I have been marching all night." "Well, sir," said Captain G., "if there was one nigger in here last night there was a thousand; the last one I killed; and I'll have it out with the landlord after breakfast if it costs me my commission."

N. H.

### CAPTURE OF CATTLE.

Our army was and had been for some time on short rations, and as our cavalry was stronger than that of the enemy, we determined to forage in the rear of the enemy's position. Scouts reported a large herd of beef cattle near Coggins' Point, and on the morning of the 14th of September, General Hampton took Dearing's brigade and mine and W. H. F. Lee's division, and by making a long detour, crossing the Jerusalem plank road at Belcher's mill, and marching the 14th, 15th, and the night of the 15th, we halted near daylight on the morning of the 16th, as we were nearing the enemy's lines, to dispose of our troops for the attack upon the enemy and the capture of the beeves. W. H. F. Lee was sent off to the left towards Prince George Court-house to amuse Gregg and keep him off. Dearing was sent to threaten Cabin Point, and I was ordered to break through the line at Sycamore church and secure the cattle.

These preliminaries all arranged, I resumed the march. The moon had set and, although the sky was cloudless, the night in the woods was very dark. My men were ordered to march in silence, but the road was hard and in the profound stillness of the night the tramp of the horses could be heard a long distance, and I knew it would be impossible to surprise the enemy, and therefore made my arrangements to fight. I knew that I would find a regiment of cavalry at Sycamore church, and I knew that every man of them would be in position and ready for me on my arrival there, and I brought up the Twelfth Virginia Regiment and gave orders to the commander, Major Knott, a very gallant officer, to charge just as soon as he was challenged by the enemy.

My guide reported that we were near the church, and I was riding by the side of Knott, telling him how to proceed in the event of his being able to dislodge the enemy, when, as if by the flash of lightning, the front was all ablaze by the flash of musketry, but the gallant Twelfth was not the least staggered by the sudden discharge in its face, but as quick as thought the charge was sounded, and the noble old regiment went thundering upon the enemy. But a strong abattis had been thrown across the road, over which cavalry could not pass, and when it was reached the men were dismounted and put to work clearing it away, and, seeing this, I dismounted the next regiment, the Seventh, and ran it up in line as skirmishers, and soon cleared the way for the mounted men of the Twelfth, who were followed by the Eleventh and Twenty-fifth battalions, and before the en-

emy could mount and escape, or communicate with the guard over the cattle, they were our prisoners.

When we captured the regiment at Sycamore church it was barely light enough to see the road, and leaving a strong guard with the prisoners I pressed on in search of the cattle. I had proceeded about a mile when, through the dim light of the early morning, I saw a line of cavalry—about two squadrons—drawn up on a hill in front of me. My command was not closed up, and I had to halt for a few minutes, but a portion of White's battalion coming up we made a dash at this little squad, which broke on our approach, and pursuing we soon came upon the beeves.

When I came in sight of the beeves, they were running rapidly in the direction of James river. The herders had thrown down the fence of the corral, and by firing pistols and yelling, Indian fashion, had stampeded the cattle and they were running like mad. I ordered the Seventh Virginia, which had just overtaken me, to run their horses until they got in front of the herd, then to turn upon it and stop it. This order was not easily obeyed, for the young steers, ran like buffalo, and it was requiring too much of jaded cavalry to force it into a race like this, but after running a mile or so the steers slackened their pace and the cavalry was thus able to get in front of them, and then to "round them up" and quiet them, then turn them about and start them to the pens of their new masters on the Dixie side of the line. When the excitement was all over and the herd was obediently following "the leader," I had them counted and found that our haul amounted to twenty-four hundred and eighty-six head, and all were fat young steers.—*General T. L. Rosser, in Philadelphia Times.*

A DETROIT lawyer received a visit the other day from a farmer in a neighboring county, who stated that he had fallen into trouble with some of his relatives over the division of an estate.

"What's the amount?" asked the lawyer.

"About \$7,000. I was thinking I'd make you this proposition: If you'll take the case and recover the \$7,000 I'll give you \$6,000 of it."

"My dear sir," calmly replied the attorney without the least change of countenance, "you had best consult some Police Court shyster. I should not only want the whole \$7,000, but a retaining fee of at least \$500! I never divide with any man."

The farmer has concluded not to have a suit.



## Youths' Department.

### THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

I had gotten used to riding through pines; so, laying low on Rebel, I kept up a pretty fast gait. My hat was brushed off, and my face was scratched at every jump, but I still kept on. The Yankees followed me a short distance into the woods, but I suppose they must have been afraid of Captain Jumper's men and turned back, for I soon heard no sounds behind me. I didn't stop, however, for I was afraid they might send around the woods and cut me off. So, I kept up a pretty steady gallop through the woods, across a field, into another woods, through that and out on a cross-road. Being afraid to stop Rebel, I kept up a pretty fast gallop for three miles farther, and then came down to a quiet trot and went home.

Miss Sallie arrived at home about two hours after me, on foot. The Yankees had overtaken her and questioned her about me and Captain Jumper's company. They then took her horse away and let her go. Miss Sallie met me right coolly. She said that I ought not to have left her on the road. But what in the devil could I have done for her if I had staid? I couldn't fight all those Yankees, and I knew they wouldn't hurt *her*. But women are so unreasonable. They won't listen to a man's explanations. I would shed the last drop of my blood for Miss Sallie if it would do her any good, but what's the sense in dying for her if there's no use in it? However, I made allowances for her. She had just lost her horse, and then she was tired after her walk home through the mud. In fact, this morning she took a more sensible view of the case, and told me that she would forgive me if I would capture her a Yankee horse, and I am going to have that Yankee horse if I die in the attempt.

*March 13th.* Rebel had such a severe race when the Yankees chased me while out riding with Miss Sallie, that I have thought it best to give him a good rest. So, I have been staying close at home during the last two or three weeks, and have been rubbing Rebel every day and feeding him well.



The Yankees have been scouting around the country quite often, and I have thought it best to keep off the roads, as there is no use in being captured, and I can't fight a hundred men. Mrs. Morrison's house is a first-rate place to stay at, as it is some distance from any main road, and, being on a high hill, I can see the Yankees if they come for me, in time to get away. The Yankees have captured several of our fellows lately, and I am on the lookout for them every day, and sleep in my clothes at night with my pistol by my side, and keep Rebel saddled in the stable which is behind the house.

I proposed to Jim to keep watch every night, but he says there is no use in it as the dogs will give us notice if the Yankees are coming. I don't like this thing of going to sleep and being waked up, perhaps by Yankees. It wouldn't be pleasant at all. Besides, they say the Yankees have sworn they will bury any guerrilla they can catch. I'll risk my life in battle any day for the sake of my country, but I don't like the idea of being caught and hung like a dog. So, as Jim won't agree to watch, I generally get up two or three times in the night and take a little stroll around the house.

The sounds are very singular around the country here on moonlight nights. I could have sworn one night that I heard a company of Yankee cavalry coming up toward the house. I ran to the stable, got out Rebel, and mounted him. I then thought that I ought to tell Jim, but I heard the sound of horses' feet coming toward the front gate, and I thought it was no use in both of us getting captured; and besides, I felt pretty sure that Jim would get away, because he is up to all the ways of the Yankees. So I went out of the back gate softly and then rode at a canter to the woods in the rear of the house. I stopped there and listened, but heard no sound.

After staying in the woods about an hour, I began to get cold, and I thought I would ride around to the other side of the house and see if any Yankees had come. After circling around the house at the distance of about two hundred yards, I saw two or three objects like horses at the front gate. I sat on my horse about half an hour, watching them to see what they could be. Then I rode a little nearer and presently could see that no one was mounted on the horses. So, I rode up and found that they were loose horses which had gotten out of the barn-yard and had come up to the front gate. I rode to the stable and put Rebel away. I didn't say anything to Jim about it in the morning, as he don't seem to understand that watchfulness ought to be a prime trait in the character of a soldier.

Another night when I was out watching, several yards from the

house, a confounded big dog, belonging to Mrs. Morrison commenced barking, and finally made a rush at me. I didn't like to shoot the dog, and, besides, I might miss him. So, I set off at a run and tried to course around the house and make a rush into the front door. But Towser followed me so closely that I was obliged to run into a hen-house and shut the door behind me. The fowls then commenced a terrible cackling and raised a devil of a noise. Jim, hearing the racket, threw up his window, and thinking that some one was stealing the fowls, let fly a shot from his pistol at the hen-house. The bullet passed through the door, just above my head. My God! how the sweat did come out on me! I had no objection to risking my life on the battle-field, with the flag of my country waving over me, but I didn't like the idea of being shot in a hen-house.

So, I determined to run the chance of Towser's seizing me, and opened the door and made a break for the house. Jim shot again, but I was running so fast that he missed me. But Towser, hang him! just as I reached the porch, grabbed me by the seat of my breeches (I had on my soldier jacket) and held me fast. I yelled pretty loud, and in a minute or two Jim came out of the door and drove the dog off as soon as he found who it was. Jim told me then that he hoped I would now stop my night-watching, and would stay in bed. I think I will follow his advice. I don't think the Yankees will find out this house, and even if they do, Jim and I can give them a pretty sharp fight.

*March 20th.* Miss Sallie has been talking a good deal lately about the horse the Yankees took away from her, and has reminded me of my promise to capture her one. So, I am going on a raid to-morrow and will get her a horse, or my corpse will be brought home to her. I will do anything in the world for that girl. She talks so sweet and her eyes shine so bright! I wish to heaven I could tell her how much I love her! But I haven't got that kind of courage. I can fight Yankees, but bury me, if I can find the words to tell that girl that I love her. Every time I try it, I break down; language fails me.

*March 22d.* I went on the raid yesterday, and a glorious one it was. We'll break those Yankees up if we keep on succeeding as we do.

Captain Jumper and about seventy-five of us set off yesterday at five o'clock, and took the road leading to Uniontown. There was a regiment of Yankee cavalry camped at Uniontown, and they had a company of cavalry out on picket on the road leading to Forrestville.

Our scouts had brought word that the company of cavalry were camped in a woods on the side of the road, and they had pickets out about a mile from them in four directions. They stated also that they had no guard around the camp, but depended on their pickets giving the alarm if any enemy approached.

We had men with us who knew every foot of the ground. So, we felt sure of getting inside the pickets. We marched till sunset, and then stopped at Mr. Butler's, where we got feed for our horses and supper for ourselves. These farmers believe in us and treat us well.

About twelve o'clock at night, we mounted our horses and set off. After half an hour's riding, we left the road and marched through the fields and woods. Not a word was said along the whole column, and we rode as quietly as possible. At about one o'clock we had gotten inside their picket line, and had reached the edge of a woods, from which we could see the camp-fires of the cavalry company. Between us and the woods in which they were encamped there was an open field about two hundred yards wide.

As I looked across the field and saw the fires of the enemy, I began to think that our scouts must have made a mistake, and that there was at least a brigade of cavalry encamped in the woods. I didn't see any use in Captain Jumper's risking his handfull of men against so many. Besides, what was the use in our running the risk of attacking them when they were not disturbing us? I had a great mind to ride up to Captain Jumper and tell him I didn't see any use in our attacking them, and that it would be much better to meet them by daylight. But the captain had treated me so impolitely when I gave him my advice before, that I had not spoken to him since.

Presently I heard some of the men say the captain was going to take a detail of men on foot over to the Yankee camp to capture what they could, and would keep the rest of the men where they were. This seemed to me perfect madness, and I thought he had better send a flag of truce and surrender the men at once, rather than let them run the risk of getting shot before they were captured, as they certainly would be. I made up my mind if he detailed me, I would refuse to go.



[For the Bivouac.]

## LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

It was near the close of the year 1860. The household of Mr. M., a Southern planter, was a busy one. Christmas was near at hand and in spite of the exhausting labors of Mrs. M., her two daughters, two cooks, three housemaids, and several colored supernumeraries, a fear was entertained that everything would not be ready for the happy day. The one-horse diligence, which furnished the chief means of communication with the village store, had for some time been in constant demand, returning with loads of good things to eat, to wear, and to put on the mantel-piece. Mr. M. had watched the preparations with solicitude. Christmas was coming, and so was the 1st of January, the melancholy day of the year, when annual bills for dry goods and servant hire were punctually rendered.

"Come, my dear," said Mrs. M., on Christmas-eve, "don't look as if you were attending your own funeral. You should see the beautiful presents I have selected for the children and our neighbor's children, and not a single servant has been forgotten."

"Yes, yes, it's charming and all that, but what's to be done with this year's store accounts?"

"O, never mind," said she, "it will all come right; just look on the bright side of things."

Six eventful years passed by. The war had come and gone. "Mr. M.," said his wife, in sepulchral tones one fine morning, when all rosy and bright he took his seat at the breakfast table, "the house girl has gone." "Is it possible," said he, "the infernal hus — well, never mind, my dear, don't fret. May be it's all for the best. Our girls need exercise to put roses in their cheeks."

A few days afterward as Mr. M. stepped gaily into the dining-room, what did he see instead of a comfortable dinner, but his wife and two daughters sitting in mournful silence. "Good heavens," said he, gazing in despair at the empty table, "what *is* the matter?"

"The cook is gone," they all exclaimed, bursting into tears. "Ah, well," said Mr. M., after a pause, "it's not a particle of use to fret. You can't always expect a gang of niggers to be hanging around eating us up. Look on the bright side. You'll never make good housewives till you learn how to cook. So cheer up, scuffle around, and get me something to eat."

In the absence of the cook and housemaid, Thomas, the stable boy, was called upon to earn his salt. Circumstances no longer let

him devote his mornings to straightening up the hen-house and washing the carriage. "Thomas dis, and Thomas dat," said that worthy, "wus dan slave times. I'se goin to leave sho."

Once more we intrude upon the sacredness of the domestic circle. Mr. M. was sitting at the breakfast table enjoying the toast and eggs, prepared by the cunning hands of one of the girls. He was fairly bubbling over with joy. "Sallie," said he, with his mouth full of buttered toast, "Tell Thomas to hitch up the colt (about eleven years old), I am obliged to —." "Thomas is gone, my dear," said his wife, with suppressed emotion. "Gone! Thomas gone?" "Yes, my dear, please don't swoon. Cheer up and look on the bright side." "Bright side of — New York," said he, jumping up and kicking over the chair. "If I catch that hatchet-faced assassin, I'll wear him out with a piece of railroad iron."

BOURBON.

#### A TALK WITH UNCLE GEORGE.

MR. EDITOR:—I send you some more talk of Uncle George, and I hope you will like it. Some how or other he won't tell much about things that took place in the night.

"Uncle George," said I, the other day, "Were you with Lee in Pennsylvania?"

"Didn't I told you over and over I was with him all de time. In course I was with him in Pennsylvanny. A soldier what druv de headquarter mule team of Jones' division, wuzn't likely to be drapt out. Then dar was Mr. Blakely, de waggon boss. Most of de time I cooked his vittles. *He* wuzn't gwine ter leave me behind, wuz he?"

"What kind of a time did you have on the Gettysburg trip?"

"Middlin', hunny, jes middlin'. Understan' me. A-gwine it wuz good 'nuff. Roads level as a die. Plenty grub fur man and mule. Free fodder, and apple butter by de barrel. Dis wuz agwine, but in de home stretch, sakes alive! It fairly takes de kinks out of my har when I thinks about it.

"I thought Lee whipped the Yankees at Gettysburg?"

"Whipped 'em. To be sure he did, and run 'em out of their works too, but he got out of ammunition and we had to go back across the Potomac to git some more."

"Why was it so unpleasant on the way home?"

"Dar is a heap to 'member about it. I mind de time same as

yesterday. Lemme see. In de fust place, dar wuz a very moanful piece of luck de night after de battle.

"No doubt it was a very sad occasion."

"Sad; you'd have thunk so if you'd been thar. You see, about dusk we moved into an orchit and unhitched de hosses for to eat de grass, which you better believe wuz high and good. Dar wuz plenty of rails for fire, and water rite in de farmer's yard. Yes, sah, circumstances wuz too luvlie to las'. I wuz a settin' on a rail waitin' fur de cake to get dun, when I hyeard a man holler, 'Look out!' Rite away I jis 'spected to see Mr. Yank wid soard in han. But no. De man kep a runnin', slappin' his face wid bof hans. Understan', he had bin stealin' hunney frum de farmer's bees, of which dey wuz fitin' mad and wuz chargin de camp. But I didn't knew it den. When I seed him a-biffin' fru de bushes and a-beatin' hisself so scan-lus, think's I, dat man's got a spell. Jes den annudder man jumped and frowed his arms up in de ar and hollered 'murder!'

"'Look out,' ses Mr. Blakely, 'for de hosses.' Sake alive, de hosses wuz a-lookin' out for deyselves, and such annudder wah dance dey had 'round dem waggins."

"'Let me outen heah,' ses Mr. Blakely, a-clappin' his hands over his face and brakin' off. But I didn't hav no time to pay 'tenshun to him. 'Tween Dobbin and de bees, I wuz mighty prevusly engaged. Dey kep arter me till I jumped into de waggin and ropped blankets roun' my head."

"What a time you do have, to be sure!"

"Time! Laws, hunny; you doan know I was that bunged up dat Mr. Blakely said, 'Why, George, you've got a furlough wound,' but he needn't talk.

"Why didn't you rub your eyes with three kinds of weeds, to take the swelling out?"

"Lud, a' massy! how wuz I to find three kinds of nothing when I had to feel my way into de waggin'. When I got out again, arter the bees were gone, I stumbled around wuss than a stone-blinc hoss. Bye-and-bye de swellin' wuzn't so bad, and I wuz jis dozin a leetle by the fire, when de orders cum to cook three days' rations. I knowed what dat meant. I tuk some green. I had'fiscated dat mornin and made up all my flour into apple dumplins."

"Apple dumplins?"

"To be sure. The bestest way in the worl to make rashuns keep good and go fur. Well, arter restlin with a harf a dozen or sich like, I sot in fur a quiet night. But it warnt no use, I had jes got into

a luvlie snooze when I heard Mr. Blakely a rippin and a rarin. He larnt to cuss at Manassey and by dis time was a boss at de bizness. I jumped rite up, hustled aroun, and putty soon we wuz a movin' out lively back towards Chambersburg. It started to rain afore day and never hilt up more an a minit or two till we crossed the Potomac. I was monsous sleepy and afore night I cotched myself a fallin' off a Dobbin. After dat I disremember, hunny, how it wuz, cept dat it wuz awful. De mud wuz sumtimes huf deep. Every now and then some onery team would stall'd. Den de whole line would stop till de other teams pulled it out, understan? Sich a yellin' and cussin' and brayin' of de mules. Dobbin, in course, tried hisselt whenever de bawlin' stopped a minit he'd raise a tune, and de front and hind teams would take it up, and over de hills and frou de woods de mule music rolled along till it died away down in de hol-lers."

"Why, Uncle George, that is just like a dream."

"Hunny, I aint so sho it wuznt most a dream. De things I seed dat trip mite bery well 'long to a nightmare."

#### THE SKIRMISH LINE.

Major Paxton was commissary of the —th regiment of Virginia cavalry. He was Fallstaffian in wit and flesh, but in craft Uriah Heapish. Like Falstaff, he lived by his wits and acquired a handsome estate without any means or occupation.

"Mr. Paxton," said a friend, before the war, "how do you manage to prosper so? You are certainly not one of the toilers."

"O," said he, with the customary horse laugh, "I live off the fools."

After the close of the war he was one of the first to fly to Washington to get a pardon from President Johnson, to prevent his farm from being confiscated, going there armed with letters from all the Union men in that part of the country who would listen to him.

Being ushered into the presence of the chief magistrate, he stated the object of his coming, humbly presented his papers, and pleaded his cause with cunning eloquence.

"What have you ever done during the war for the Union cause, Major Paxton, that entitles you to my consideration?" said the President, when the voluble major had finished his little piece.

"This was a stunner (to adopt the major's account). The idea of a man being pardoned because he had been a traitor knocked me all of a heap. But it was no time for crimination or recrimina-

tion. I thought over the whole war—couldn't think of a damn thing I had ever done for a Union soldier. I was desperate. Says I, 'Mr. Johnson, your proclamation of pardon was addressed to the guilty, not the innocent. You called sinners to repentance, not the righteous.' This settled Andy, and I got my pardon."

SCENE.—Court-house square, Cincinnati. A pilgrim Kentuckian while gazing at the ruins is accosted by a citizen.

Citizen—"Taking a look at the battle-field, hey?"

Kentuckian—"Yes. You fellows seem to have had considerable of a row here."

Citizen—"You bet, in Ohio, we don't do things by halves."

Kentuckian—"What made you burn the court-house, any way? There wasn't any criminals in there, was they?"

Citizen (after a pause)—"Well, no, not then. But there's where they generally git protection when they are rich. If you'd a been hauled up afore the judges in there as often as some of the patriotic rioters you'd awanted to wipe the blamed thing out, too."

A PORTION of the Northern press so studiously and maliciously misrepresents the South in the matter of law and order that people are prevented by their fears from crossing the Ohio river. It is true that the South has its murders, but take the country State by State, and the North has three to one. It is true a negro is raided now and then, but if the same man lived in the North he would probably be lynched instead of whipped. There are more burglars, thieves, and bad men arrested in Detroit, Cleveland, and Buffalo in one day than in the whole territory of Georgia or Alabama. You may spend a month South and not hear a quarrel or see a drunken man; you may visit half a dozen jails and not find an average of two white criminals to each. The life and property of a law-abiding man are as safe in any portion of Georgia or Alabama as in the District of Columbia, and the standard of morality far higher. There is more real neighborly feeling in the South to-day for a Northern immigrant than he can find in the West. He is sized up for what he is; and, if he is the man to tie to, the men who fought him in war will fight for him in peace.—*M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.*

THOSE of our readers who receive their magazines marked with an X, are reminded that they owe for Volume II., and, as there is no way to get rid of a debt but by paying it, we hope they will remit at once.



## Editorial.

DECORATION day is approaching. Let us hope that it will not pass unobserved. Posterity should have no cause to denounce this generation for neglect of their illustrious dead. Sweet are the uses of adversity, but let them not teach us to repress ennobling sentiments because they suggest the bitterness of our loss. Few monuments proclaim and perpetuate the virtues of Confederate heroes. If the day set apart for keeping green their memory is passed by, soon their resting-place will be neglected and forgotten.

THE Socialists disclaim any share in the Cincinnati riots, yet many insist that they are partly responsible. Can it be that it was a new kind of uprising? For, if capital and labor were parties, did not the mob represent capital and the authorities labor? This is an epoch of rings, old-fashioned oligarchies, under a new name. They are made up of workingmen who are tired of work, and who, feeling the want of capital, contrive to get it by prostituting public office. No law can reach them since they are the law-makers. As of old, so now force is the author and sometimes the keeper of civil freedom. There is no occasion for despair, the course of liberty never did run smooth.

THE decline in the price of breadstuffs recently, on account of Asiatic competition, forebodes evil to the agricultural interests of this country. It is time to realize that the "Star of Empire" has made the circle of the globe and is no longer moving due west. The deserted fields in the old world, nearly connected by rail to the centers of Europe's enterprising population, may soon invite immigrants. The alluvial valley of the Nile, the plains of Phoenicia, and the fertile fields of India, under British culture, may rival in richness of products the prairies of America.

PERHAPS no recent event so clearly reveals the sacrilegious spirit of the times as what took place in Massachusetts the other day. In the very shadow of the Bunker Hill monument two ruffians set upon a lady, garroted and robbed her in sight of several policemen and citizens who were paralyzed by the audacity of the villains.

GENERAL THOMAS ROSSER, in a series of articles recently published in the Philadelphia *Times*, giving an account of the operations of his cavalry command in conjunction with the Army of Northern Virginia, has, like in a cavalry charge, cut and thrust without much regard for those in his way. Among others whom he has criticised severely is General Jubal Early, whose pen is even mightier than his sword, and it is said that the old warrior will turn it against Rosser, with its sharp point not dulled by time. In the contest that will follow, history will get some new facts, and Rosser will have to look out for his laurels. The contest will be watched with much interest by all our readers.

WE know that many of our readers who were members of the old Laurel Brigade will be glad to hear of Major John W. Emmett, our beloved and gallant Adjutant-General, who is now residing in New Orleans, Louisiana with a wife and several children, quietly earning a comfortable support for himself and family, with a heart full of love and tenderness for those who, twenty years ago, were his comrades amid so many trials and dangers that proved the metal of which men were made.

It is said that nearly every Congressman from the North has ready in his pocket a new pension bill. The most extravagant one heard of seriously proposes to pension every man who was enlisted sixty days. This is probably intended to carry the pivotal State of Ohio. During Morgan's raid a great part of its militia were called out. The next move will probably be to pension all who voted for Mr. Lincoln.

THE United States government, says the *Weekly Union* (Manchester, N. H.), is about to award a medal to each soldier who took part in the assault upon Port Hudson. As there are three thousand of the survivors still above ground, it will take several barrels of medals to go around.

POST 88, of the Grand Army of the Republic, Massachusetts, proposes to appropriate \$200 for the purpose of planting trees along the highways as monuments to the Union soldiers. At the foot of each tree it is designed to put a slab with appropriate inscription. Is not this the very phrenzy of patriotic grief? Beautiful thought it doubtless is, to substitute living trees for inanimate stone, and to emblazon the names of the honored dead along thoroughfares rather than hide them in sequestered spots. But how soon does familiarity breed contempt and how long before the fiendish tramp would deface the commemorative slabs?

MR. J. A. McRADY, of Lewisburg, Tennessee, with whom we were a prisoner of war on the steamboat Minnehaha, twenty years ago, sends the BIVOUAC a good club from among his neighbors. We were fortunate, with some others, to make our escape from the steamboat, on her return from Vicksburg, at Greenville, Mississippi, but most of the Confederate prisoners were carried back to Northern prisons, where they were confined for several years. Mr. McRady has promised our readers some account of his treatment while a prisoner, which will be looked for with much interest.

#### "THE BLUE AND THE GRAY."

The following appeal from the ex-Union and ex-Confederate soldiers at Richmond, Virginia, should meet with a generous response. This, indeed, is mission work, since they would not only clothe the naked and heal the broken-hearted, but would set their light like a beacon on a hill, to commence a new gospel of peace and reconciliation. The subject is already being agitated far and wide. An enthusiastic meeting at New York was recently held, and steps taken to raise funds. Some of the Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic have already contributed. What is the South going to do? Every newspaper in this section should not only approve the project, but point out specifically how it may be aided by works.

If in every town and village of the South public meetings were held and steps taken to collect the little and the big sums that would be readily contributed, the funds could be raised at once. Indeed, there should be established a home for disabled Confederate soldiers in every State. But let us do one thing at a time. First set one going at Richmond and that will open the way for others. The war left so many broken hearts and blighted homes, that the task of relief was too formidable to think of. Now, let him who has prospered not forget the disabled brother who stood with him, shoulder to shoulder in the conflict, and who was wounded for his sake.

PHIL. KEARNEY POST, No. 10, G. A. R.: R. E. LEE CAMP, No. 1, C. V.  
*To the People of these United States:*

The ex-Union and ex-Confederate veterans, resident in the city of Richmond, Virginia, jointly appeal to you in behalf of a movement the object of which—you have been informed by the press of the country and otherwise—is to establish a Home at said city for disabled ex-Confederate soldiers who are unable to take care of themselves, and whose helpless and pitiable condition calls for a liberal charity, in some sense above and more pressing than any other ever brought to your attention. While the response to former calls, especially from the Grand Army members, has been liberal and prompt, a goodly sum is still necessary to make the object a success. Will you help in this work?

If so, send money to D. S. Redford, treasurer, care of Planters National Bank, at Richmond, Virginia, which is the depository for cash contributions.

If you wish to send merchandise or other articles, address J. B. McKenney, 418 East Marshall street, Richmond, Virginia, who has charge of such contributions until the bazar opens.

A grand bazar, for the benefit of the Home spoken of, will be held in the Armory Hall, in this city, on the 14th day of May, to continue during the month. Any merchandise you may send will there be displayed for sale and appropriately placarded with the name of the donor; and the names of all merchandise are given in the columns of the press daily.

"The Blue and the Gray" live in harmony and act in accord in this section. Phil. Kearney Post, G. A. R., and R. E. Lee Camp, C. V., meet at each other's camp-fires and occupy the same hall, which is decorated with the flags of our country, and the walls ornamented by portraits of leaders of each army of the late war.

Very respectfully,

GEORGE B. WALCOTT,

Commander Phil. Kearney Post, No. 10, G. A. R.

WM. C. CARRINGTON,

Commander R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, C. V.

In addition to the large list of newspapers published in the April number, to whom we were indebted, we are under obligation to the following additional ones for notices and kindnesses in many ways:

News, Evergreen, Alabama.  
 Examiner, Haynesville, Alabama.  
 Index, Marianna, Arkansas.  
 Reporter, Waldron, Arkansas.  
 Times, Opelika, Alabama.  
 Reporter and Watchman, Talladega, Alabama.  
 Webster's Weekly, Reedsville, North Carolina.  
 Aurora, Shelby, North Carolina.  
 Bossier Banner, Belleview, Louisiana.  
 Crescent, Brooksville, Florida.  
 Lake Star, Tiptonville, Tennessee.  
 Gazette, Mamepas, Louisiana.  
 Advertiser, Bastrop, Texas.  
 Argus, Flatonia, Texas.  
 Herald, Cameron, Texas.  
 Courier, Taylorsville, Kentucky.  
 Reporter, Somerset, Kentucky.  
 Old Guard, Cadiz, Kentucky.  
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# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC is a monthly magazine, published under the auspices of the Southern Historical Society, of Louisville, Ky., and was established to preserve in book form such history and reminiscences of the war as those only who took part in it can furnish. In works now published are found accounts of the movements of armies, and the great battles of the war, made up principally from official reports. The object of the magazine is to supplement these by accounts which picture the soldier on the march, in camp, as well as in the field: his talks around the bivouac fire, foraging exploits, jokes, rations, wounds, hospital and prison life, sufferings, and his heroism and devotion to his country amid it all.

Those, who in '61 and '65 were called boys, are growing old, and they owe to their children, dead comrades, their country, and themselves that these things which made the substance and spirit of war life should not die with them. They should aid this enterprise by their subscriptions and contributions to its columns, which are open to all, especially to old soldiers. And last, but not least, they should preserve the noble deeds of the daughters of the South, who were the "power behind the throne," the unseen force that not only nursed the sick and wounded, but clothed and fed the soldiers, drove the skulks back to camp, and inspired the brave with more than Spartan courage.

Its contents will include, besides the papers of historic interest read before the association, short stories of the war, sketches of soldiers distinguished in battle, poetry, notices of individual heroism on either side, and a select miscellany of other articles, making it interesting to the old soldier, instructive and entertaining to those growing up around him.

## YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

We have a special department for the young, in which real heroes are substituted for the imaginary ones found in most of the literature of the day.

We want every old soldier on our books as a contributor and as a subscriber; and if there are any who were gallant and true in the war, who are now too poor to subscribe for it, we will send him the magazine free.

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Private Stonewall Brigade.

E. H. McDONALD, Business Manager.  
Major 11th Va. Cavalry.

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